

mammal, decidedly inferior to the powerful man of the early ages.

In defending their preposterous conclusions, the historians never fail to point out the invention of man. What gigantic railroads, what luxurious automobiles, what swift airplanes—they represent the advancement of man! However, what seems to the historians an asset, seems to the thinking man, a detriment. These inventions have been from the inspirations of lazy men. Only the anticipation of ease and the hope of eliminating some honest labor have caused men to invent these things. With the automatic potato peeler, the automatic shoeshiner and the splinterless toothpick illustrating my point, I dread the day when man's laziness forces him to invent a machine to dress for him, eat for him, and even to breathe for him. I understand that the robot has been found practical and is slowly approaching this stage—God forbid!

Man has been kicked about with such brisk energy by women in the past few thousand years that he has lost all signs of independence. Show the people one man who is brave enough to spank his wife, or to pull her hair if she bothers him, and immediately he becomes sensational news. This should certainly not be the case. The cave man did it with consistent regularity. He thought no more of knocking several teeth from his spouse's dental anerture than he did of combing his hair. He was the boss and his word was supreme. Certainly it is not then, to his credit, when man meekly submits to the wishy-washy appeals of woman.

No, if any advancement has been made by the human race, the woman has made it. Realizing her power at an early date, she began to use it with telling effect. Slyly, she worked herself into the literature of the world. From an inconspicuous part in "Beowulf," she moved to a more attractive part in "King Arthur, and the Round Table." From there she moved to a

pre-dominating place in "Vanity Fair," until today, no book is complete without her.

When woman's idiotic speech, "I tank I Go Home Now," takes precedence over the important message delivered by the President of the United States, then surely man's prominence is doubtful. When woman writes, practices law, boxes, smokes and even challenges man's supremacy at such sports as pinocle, it stands to reason that soon man will be no longer necessary to the world. It has been this decided advancement made by woman, coupled with the conspicuous decline of man's relative position to her, which strengthens my assumption that man himself has not advanced.

The radio has probably done more to deter man in the past few years than anything else. With it was born that unbearable exponent of inarticulate singing, the "crooner." The new fad has completely broken down our means of communication. After very little study one realizes that "Hi, de, hi, de, hi," means, "How do you think I am getting along?" and the whispered "Boo, boo, boo, boo, boo," is only another way of saying, "You are sweet and loveable."

With such radical changes in our language, I look forward to the day when I can merely write, "wee, de, bo, bo, bo," and you will immediately perceive, "that is all."

what is fear?

by

mildred engle

I stepped through the doorway with a feeling of dread. The room was dimly lighted by two spluttering candles. I had come to view the corpse of a distant relative. His wife hovered with red eyes over the casket

where he lay. Finally she left the room, and I was left alone with the dead man.

I sat in the only chair in the room which was near the foot of the casket. The air was heavy with the perfume of many flowers which were banked around the coffin. I tried to distinguish the different kinds of flowers. The deep silence of the room was oppressive, and my nerves became tense. I listened for the tiniest sound. The candles blazed up with a hissing sound as a breeze entered the room. Minutes slowly passed and seemed like hours.

The candles formed grotesque shadows on the wall. The roses seemed very large and unnatural, and some calla lilies took on the shape of large vases. As my chair creaked, my heart beat faster, and I was afraid. A lock of the old man's hair was reflected on the wall, and it waved about grotesquely in the candle light. Sometimes it found a place among the roses, and again it stood alone. A chill ran up my spinal column.

The light played over the face of the corpse. As I watched fascinated, I sat on the edge of the chair, and then—one eye opened. It closed, and the other eye opened. The man's lips seemed to quiver in the shadows as if he were about to speak. My body felt numb, and I could not breathe. Something cracked and in that dreadful moment the corpse became a fearful thing. Perhaps he was trying to get out of the coffin, and those were his bones cracking.

I knew that I wanted to leave the room. It took me an eternity to rise from the chair. I walked trance-like across the room. The door banged when I was halfway there. Panic stricken, I rushed to the door and scratched it with my fingernails. Oh, the terror of that moment when the door would not open, and a dead man was following me. I tried to scream but could not. Perhaps he wanted to take me with him on that long journey

that everyone must take alone. I did not want to die, for I was too young. I did not want to be something lifeless and stiff; something to be wept over and then put in the ground. I feared the hereafter for I could not understand it. Something rustled behind me, and a cold hand clasped over mine and slowly pulled me back into the room. I tried to resist, but some hypnotic force was exerted over me. Suddenly I screamed.

I opened my eyes and knew that I was hanging perilously near the edge, and I was covered with cold sweat. My throat hurt for I had really screamed. I heard the clock strike three. I kept my eyes open and did not sleep any more that night, because I was afraid I would dream that dream again.

on college aptitude tests

by

arleen wilson

Saturday morning, I had thought, would be an excellent time for taking a college aptitude test, as that time is regularly set aside for our weekly cleaning. But when the time had actually arrived and I was reading in the general directions that it was very important that I do my best, I decided that I would much rather be at home dusting and making beds. I was being called upon to exert a brain that had not yet awakened from a night's sleep.

Why were the practice tests made so easy? They only aroused false hopes, and I found the succeeding examination the more difficult by contrast. Words which are veterans in my vocabulary had suddenly lost their meaning. I discovered that one word